

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 26

Number 1 *So-called immortal moments*

Article 70

---

Fall 12-1-2005

## Indian Box

Katie Lupo

*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Lupo, Katie (2005) "Indian Box," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 1 , Article 70.

Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss1/70>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

# My Grandmother's Painting

Katherine Brichacek

hangs in the staircase  
of her aunt's house  
neither have visited each other  
since they spit their vows  
never to step through the threshold  
of the other's door  
so in Auntie Irene's staircase  
that she no longer can ascend  
hangs a lonely landscape,  
a snow-showered shed  
long-abandoned by the couple  
who huddle together for warmth  
the fire refuses to provide  
the trees bent over  
from years of battering  
the grass hidden for the season  
and in the gray dreary sky  
float the pride and regret  
of both women

## Indian Box

Katie Lupo

Not more than an inch high  
Made of resin, thick and brown  
It's decked with diamond-shaped mirrors  
Inside lies a single Indian rupee.

She gave it to me,  
"You don't have a culture, you're white bread,"  
She declared, "so I'll give you mine."  
I gazed at the "Made in India" sticker on the bottom  
She knew why I was laughing.  
She understood me.

Now I look at the box and smile.  
Inside it are my memories of her, her exuberant soul,  
And her sharp-witted tongue slinging back retorts.  
But also, memories of the sadness of that day.  
Seeing classmates' ash-white faces  
Through my tear-blurred eyes

I miss her, but she is never truly gone.  
She is alive in that box and in my soul